

HIGHLAND MARY

A FAVORITE SCTOCH BALLAD.

Ye banks and braes, and streams around,
The castle of Montgomery,
Green be your woods and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumilie;
There simmer first unfaulds her robes,
And there they langest tarry,
For there I took the last farewell,
Of my dear Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorne's blossom :
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasped her to my bosom;
The golden hours on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
Far dear to me as light and life,
Was my dear Highland Mary.

Wi' many a vow, and locked embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender ;
And pledging oft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder.
But, O ! fell death's uatimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early,
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary,

O, pale, pale now those rosy lips,
I oft hae kiss'd sae fondly ;
And clos'd for ay the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly.
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly ;
But still within my bosom's core,
Shall live my Highland Mary